



## The Faithful Young-Men.

(rov'd,  
**F**arewell dear faithless Charmer, since from me you have  
 and left me here for ever, no more to think of Love:  
 But I will for ever go, and I will for ever mourn,  
 And since you banish me, Love, no more I will return.

(made,  
 Farewell, dear shady Groves, where once our Vows were  
 There's many a harmless young Man, like me, has been *betray'd*:  
 But the Gods above in Pity, in Pity take my part,  
 For in that dearest *breast* there lies a *Perjur'd Heart*.

Farewell those pleasant Hours, which once we spent in Love,  
 Now *Tyrant*, use thy Power, and may the Gods above  
 Blast all thy charming Beauty, that Man may never more  
 Lie wounded by those Eyes, which I did once adore.

When Beauty has full Power, how will the *Tyrant* play!  
 Inventing every Hour poor Young Men to betray;  
 Yet they call us deceitful, when they have our *Hearts* trapan'd,  
 We must allow that *Women* can be as false as *Men*.

They'll dress in Robes and Jewels most lovely to the Sight,  
 Which to the *Charms* adds *Beauty*, in which young Men delight;  
 And when the *Swain* is wounded, the *Tyrant* she will play;  
 He that delights in a *Woman*, does fool his *Time* away.

I'll bid their Sex for ever, for evermore adieu,  
 I'll love but for an Hour, and that shall be as true  
 As ever faithless *Woman* as yet did love a *Man*;  
 I'll rove with all that's common, before I'll love again.



## The MAID's Answer.

**C**OME Powers, now assist me, lest I should die for Love,  
 you plainly see my Lover no more of me approve;  
 No more, conceited Creature, unto your Sex belongs,  
 To court, and then to leave us, accusing us with Wrong.

If we will not agree to what you do request,  
 You say we are deceitful; but sure that Maid is blest  
 That values not a Lover, since Men there are enow,  
 But makes of it her Pleasure to see you cringe and bow.

Where do you see a Maiden, one to prove false in ten?  
 But it is a thing that's common, you see, among the Men;  
 So the Gods above in pity, in pity take my Part,  
 For if my Love forsakes me, I ne'er will break my Heart.

